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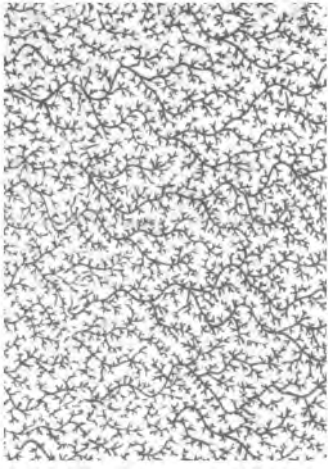

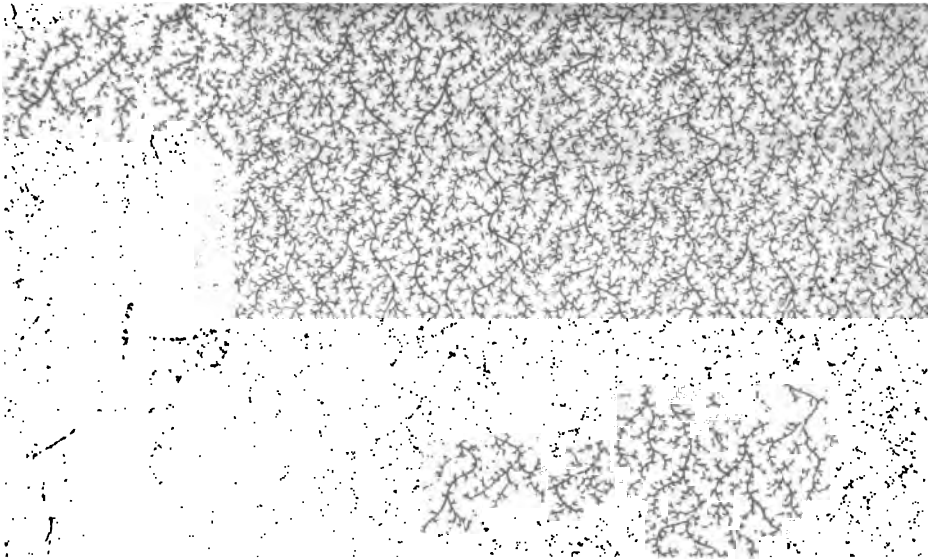

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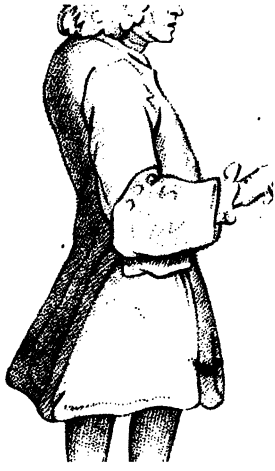

*THIS is the only Portrait that was ever drawn of Mr. Pope at full length.—It was done without his knowledge, as he was deeply engaged in conversation with Mr. Allen in the Gallery at Prior Park, by Mr. Hoare, who sat at the other end of the Gallery.—Pope would never have forgiven the Painter had he known it.—He was too sensible of the Deformity of his Person to allow the whole of it to be represented.—This drawing is therefore exceedingly valuable, as it is an Unique of this celebrated Poet.*

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# ALEXANDER POPE,

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS.

*FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.*

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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# AN ESSAY ON MAN.

## IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

---

### *THE DESIGN.*

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) "come home to men's business and bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract—his Nature and his State; since to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the *anatomy of the* mind, as in that of the body; more *good will* accrue to mankind by attending to the lar-

i. The disputes are [illegible]
rill venture to say, they have less sh
than the hearts of men against ea
re diminished the practice more t
the theory of morality. If I could fl
: this Essay has any merit, it is in ste
ıe extremes of doctrines seemingly
ing over terms utterly unintelligible
g a temperate, yet not inconsisten
yet not imperfect, system of Ethics
s I might have done in prose; bu
and even rhyme, for two reasons.
ıppear obvious; that principles, m
pts, so written, both strike the re
;ly at first, and are more easily r
[illegible] other may seem od

breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be considered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow; consequently these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am [illegible] only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage: to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

# RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO THE

## AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY ON MAN.

WHEN Love's * great goddess, anxious for her son,
Beheld him wand'ring on a coast unknown,
A huntress in the wood she feign'd to stray,
To cheer his drooping mind, and point his way:
But Venus' charms no borrow'd form could hide:
He knew and worshipp'd his celestial guide.
Thus vainly, Pope, unseen you would dispense
Your glorious system of benevolence;
And, heav'nly taught, explain the angels' song,
That praise to God and peace to men belong.
Conceal'd in vain, the bard divine we know,
From whence such truths could spring, such lines could flow.
Applause, which justly so much worth pursues,
You only can deserve, or could refuse.

* Eneid I.

... conceal
· the brightest, more refulgent now,
ıy own lustre hid! each nervous line
ı melting verse, each syllable, is thin
uch philosophy, such reason strong,
ıever yet adorn'd thy loftiest song.
ıt thou, satiric, vice and folly brand,
to purge the town, the court, the la
design to make men good and wise,
ing the deformity of vice?
ıou thy wit at once and courage sho
hard, and bravely vindicate the blov
ıou delineate God, or trace out man,
st immensity, or mortal span?
ıd is known; nor needs thy work a
ɐm loudly must the pen proclaim

Forth breaks the blaze, astonishing our sight,
Enshrin'd in clouds, we see, we see thee write.
So the sweet warbler of the spring, alone,
Sings darkling, but unseen her note is known;
And so the lark, inhabiting the skies,
Thrills unconceal'd, tho' wrapt from mortal eyes.

J. R.

As when some student first wan
Thro' Nature's wondrous frame a
His doubtful reason seeming faults
He asks if this be just, if that be w
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, vi
And vice unpunish'd, with strange
Till thinking on, unclouded by de
His mind he opens, fair is all he s
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, vi
And Vice's triumph, all are just a
Beauty is found, and order, and d
And the whole scheme acknowle

So when at first I view'd thy w
Leading thro' all the winding ma
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pur
My pride would fain have laid t

Saw in the scale of things his middle state,
And all his pow'rs adapted just to that;
Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use,
How all to good, to happiness, conduce;
Saw my own weakness, thy superior pow'r,
And still the more I read, admire the more.

R. D.

Just to the warmth thy envy'd lays
Rais'd by the soul that breathes in
(My Phœbus thou, thy awful work
Grateful I bow, thy mighty genius
And hail thee seated on thy natal t
Stung by thy fame, tho' aided by th
See bards, till now unknown, essay
Rous'd by thy heat, unnumber'd sv
As insects live beneath autumnal sl
While Envy pines, with unappeas'
And each mean breast betrays th'

Yet thou, great Leader of the sa
(Whose Parthian shaft ne'er took
Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the ag
Let wholesome Satire loose thro' e
Born for the task, whom no mean

Thy manly force, and genius unconfin'd,
Shall mould to future fame the growing mind;
To ripen'd souls more solid aids impart,
And while you touch the sense correct the heart:
Yet tho' o'er all you shed diffusive light,
Base minds will envy still, and scribblers write.

Thus the imperial source of genial heat
Gilds the aspiring dome and mean retreat;
Bids gems a semblance of himself unfold,
And warms the purer ductile ore to gold:
Yet the same heat assists each reptile birth,
And draws infectious vapours from earth.

*Pindarum quisquis*, &

FOR me how vain to urge my ver
Where only Pope's strong pinion car
Horace, great source of true poetic l
Would melt my waxen wings before
As Thames' clear stream thro' flow'
At first the humbler treasure of the
Till with each spring the swelling cu
And rolls his pow'r and comerce o'e
So soft descending from the Muses' h
Pope's spreading genius passes ev'ry
Big with experience, knowledge, tas
And flows uncheck'd o'er all poetic g

Religious he maintains the Muses' trust;
Pure in his breast he guards the sacred fire;
To his progressive genius strictly just,
Its use dilating as its pow'rs aspire.
Whether from antique rust, with pious toil,
He polish Britain's ancient poets' * praise,
Or planting careful in his better soil,
Preserve more green the Greek and Roman bays. †
Whether the nobler monument ‡ he frame
To those whom virtues, arts, or arms, adorn;
Or snatch from Envy ||, or the grave, their fame,
Whom Pride oppresses, or the virtuous mourn;
Till (as of old, some heav'n-instructed bard)
To Man ** he plead in Truth and Wisdom's cause;
Chastises Vice, deals Virtue her reward,
Supports the pulpit, and supplies the laws.
High on the swelling gale of constant praise
We see this Swan of Thames sublimely rise,
Ev'n Envy's †† breath but serves his flight to raise,
And lift his spotless plumage to the skies.
While on the humble banks, far, far below!
Unmark'd, my tuneless reed I painful try;
Like the small bee, with toil collecting slow
The faint perfume which lowly shrubs supply.

* *Chaucer and* Donne. † Homer. Horace, Ovid.
‡ *Epitaphs.* || Epistles. ** Essay on Man
†† *The Dunciad.*

To move our absent prince * (the realm's desire,)
Then let his skill compose th' attractive song;
Or you, my Lord, may boldly strike the lyre,
You to whose call the willing Muses throng.
Persuasion decks your words with ev'ry art
To lead the social band in sportive wit,
To guide the judgment, and to warm the heart,
While senates held in rapt'rous silence sit.
Or (tho' each bard in rev'rence mute should wait)
A joyful people his return shall greet;
The busy hall shall cease from loud debate;
Contending parties bow at George's feet.
Applauding senates shall record his fame,
And hail the arbiter of Europe home:
Him haughty Gallia's dread they shall proclaim;
From him the Turk and Tartar wait their doom.
Fate never gave a king so great before;
A king so good no nation shall behold;
For him the grateful realm shall Heav'n adore;
For him, whose reign revives the Age of Gold.
To peaceful congress when his arts have led
Europe's contending lords, inur'd to war,
The sacred olive wreath shall grace his head,
That wreath so often purchas'd by his care.

* *This ode was written when his majesty* [illegible] *nected from Hanover* in the year 1736-7.

My voice unheard would join the gen'ral praise,
When well-plac'd Eloquence exhausts the theme ;
When mitred lords their hands to heav'n shall raise,
And give God thanks with piety extreme.
With loyal luxury to crowd the board
Artists shall vie, th' eternal feasts succeed ;
Woods, lakes, and seas, their plenty shall afford,
And slaughter'd hecatombs profusely bleed.
But far from kings and courts, my humbler fate
Blesses with health and peace my homely fare,
Where my calm wishes frame no schemes of state,
But still for Britain's welfare form the pray'r.

BY MR. SOMERVILE.

s ever Work to such perfection wro
egant the diction! pure the thought
aringly adorn'd with scatter'd rays,
e bright beauty, one collected blaze!
aks the day upon the shades of night,
ning all with one unbounded light.
umble man's proud heart thy great
o can read this wondrous work divi
ly plann'd, and so politely writ,
ot be proud, and boast of human wit
just to thee, and to thy precepts true
know man, and give to God his due
age we, but mix'd with coarse allay
ainess to love, adore, obey.

Be it thy task to set the wand'rer right,
Point out her way in her aërial flight;
Her noble mein, her honours lost restore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar:
Thy theme sublime and easy verse will prove
Her high descent, and mission from above.

Let others now translate: thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to Men;
In Virtue's cause shall gloriously prevail,
When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail.
Made wise by thee, whose happy style conveys
The purest morals in in the softest lays,
As angels once, so now we mortals bold
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
Thy kind reforming Muse shall lead the way
To the bright regions of eternal day.

# AN ESSAY ON MAN.

## EPISTLE I.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe.*

THE ARGUMENT.

OF Man in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, v. 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, v. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, v. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or *imperfection*; justice or injustice, of his dispensations, *v. 113*, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiti

he demands the perfections of the other, the bodily qualifications of to possess any of the sensitive facu gree would render him miserable. That throughout the whole visibl sal order and gradation in the sen culties is observed, which causes creature to creature, and of all The gradations of sense, instinct, reason; that reason alone count faculties, v. 207. VIII. How muc and subordination of living creat bove and below us; were any pa not that part only, but the whole must be destroyed, v. 233. IX. ' madness, and pride, of such a des

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan:
A wild where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
Or gardens tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say first, of God above or Man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of Man what see we but his station here,
From which to reason or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
Sees worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe *how system* into system runs,
*What other planets* circle other suns,

Look'd thro'? or can a part cont
Is the great chain that draws al
And drawn supports, upheld by G
II. Presumptuous Man! the r
Why form'd so weak, so little, an
First, if thou canst, the harder re
Why form'd no weaker, blinder,
Ask of thy mother Earth why oa
Taller or stronger than the weed
Or ask of yonder argent fields ab
Why Jove's satellites are less tha
Of systems possible, if 'tis conf
That Wisdom infinite must form
Where all must full or not coher
And all that rises rise in due degr

In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use:
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown;
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god;
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', beings', use and end:
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault,
Say rather Man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter soon or late, or here or there?
The bless'd to-day is as completely so
As who began a thousand years ago. [Fate,

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of
*All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:*

Pleas'd to the last, he crop
And licks the hand just rais'd to sh
Oh! blindness to the future! kindly
That each may fill the circle mark'
Who sees with equal eye, as God o
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a
Hope humbly then, with trembli
Wait the great teacher Death, and
What future bliss he gives not thee
But gives that hope to be thy blessi
Hope springs eternal in the human
Man never is but always to be bles
The soul (uneasy and confin'd) fr
Rests and expatiates in a life to co

Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be content's his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such;
Say here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy God's unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
*Of Order, sins* against th' Eternal Cause.

" The juice nectareous and the balm
" For me the mine a thousand treasi
" For me health gushes from a thou
" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light
" My footstool earth, my canopy the
But errs not nature from this grac
From burning suns when livid death
When earthquakes swallow, or when
Towns to one grave, whole nations t
" No," it's reply'd ; " the first almig
" Acts not by partial but by gen'ral l
" Th' exceptions few ; some change
" And what created perfect ?"—Wh
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates ; and can Man

Who knows but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
In both to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind:
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these without profusion kind,
The proper organs proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
*Here with degrees of* swiftness, there of force;

hall he alone, whom rational we ca
e pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd
The bliss of Man (could Pride that
s not to act or think beyond Mankind
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his Nature and his state can
Why has not Man a microscopic eye
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly
Say what the use were finer optics gi
T'inspect a mite, not comprehend the
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the br
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ea

Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam?
Of smell the headlong lioness between
And hound sagacious on the tainted green?
Of hearing from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood?
The spider's touch how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII. See thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
*All matter quick*, and bursting into birth.

; ethereal, human, —
ird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
ss can reach; from infinite to thee;
hee to nothing.—On superior pow'rs
we to press, inferior might on ours;
the full creation leave a void,
e, one step broken, the great scale's d
Nature's chain whatever link you stri
n, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain
id if each system in gradation roll
e essential to th' amazing whole,
least confusion but in one, not all
t system only, but the whole must fall.
earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
ets and suns run lawless thro' the sky
—le from their spheres be hu

:he head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
mere engines to the ruling mind?
)surd for any part to claim
other in this gen'ral frame;
)surd to mourn the tasks or pains
t directing Mind of all ordains.
: but parts of one stupendous whole,
)ody Nature is, and God the soul;
ing'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
the earth as in th' ethereal frame,
in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
ro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
undivided, operates unspent;
; in our soul, informs our mortal part,
is perfect, in a hair as heart;
s perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
apt Seraph that adores and burns:
no high, no low, no great, no small;
he bounds, connects, and equals all.
ase then, nor Order Imperfection name;
per bliss depends on what we blame.
y own point: this kind, this due degree
ness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
-*In this or* any other sphere,
*be as bless*'d as thou canst bear;

All nature is but ...
All chance direction, which thou c
All discord harmony not understoo
All partial evil universal good :
And spite of pride, in erring reaso
One truth is clear, *Whatever is is*

## EPISTLE II.

### *the Nature and State of Man with respect to himself as an Individual.*

THE ARGUMENT.

The business of man not to pry into God, but to himself; his middle nature; his powers and es, v. 1. to 19. The limits of his capacity, v. 19, I. The two principles of Man, self-love and rea- oth necessary, v. 53, &c. Self-love the strong- id why, v. 67, &c. Their end the same, v. 81, II. The passions and their use, v. 93, to 130, predominant passion, and its force, v. 132, to Its necessity, in directing Men to different pur- , v. 165, &c. Its providential use in fixing our iple, and ascertaining our virtue, v. 177. IV. e and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits yet the things separate and evident: what is ffice of Reason, v. 203, to 216. V. How odious n itself, and how we deceive ourselves in it, v. VI. That however, the ends of Providence and al good are answered in our passions and imper- ns, v. 138, &c. How usefully these are distri- to all orders of men, v. 241; how useful they o society, v. 251; and to individuals, v. 263; *ry state*, and every age of life, v. 273, &c.

... too much knowledge for th
With too much weakness for the
He hangs between, in doubt to ac
In doubt to deem himself a god or
In doubt his mind or body to prefe
Born but to die, and reas'ning but
Alike in ignorance, his reason such
Whether he think too little or too
Chaos of thought and passion, all c
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd
Created half to rise and half to fall
Great lord of all things, yet a prey
Sole judge of truth, in endless erro
The glory, jest, and riddle of the w

Go, wondrous creature! mou
Go, measure ...

As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their head to imitate the sun;
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas! what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves by passion is undone.
Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness:
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

good not ...
:s its end to move or govern all,
:ir proper operation still
ll good, to their improper ill.
e, the spring of motion, acts the soi
comparing balance rules the whole.
for that no action could attend,
for this were active to no end;
:e a plant on his peculiar spot,
v nutrition, propagate, and rot;
:eor-like, flame lawless thro' the voi
/ing others, by himself destroy'd.
: strength the moving principle requ
its task, it prompts, impels, inspire
and quiet the comparing lies,
but to check, delib'rate, and advis
... mind

ion habit and experience gains ;
strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
btle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
studious to divide than to unite,
race and virtue, sense and reason split,
all the rash dexterity of wit.
just like fools, at war about a name,
full as oft' no meaning, or the same.
ve and reason to one end aspire,
heir aversion, pleasure their desire ;
eedy that, its object would devour,
taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r :
ire, or wrong or rightly understood,
reatest evil or our greatest good.
Modes of self-love the passions we may call ;
eal good or seeming moves them all :
nce not ev'ry good we can divide,
eason bids us for own provide,
ns tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
nder reason, and deserve her care ;
e that imparted court a nobler aim,
their kind, and take some virtue's name.
azy apathy let Stoics boast
virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;
acted all, retiring to the breast ;
trength of mind is exercise, not rest :

The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail:
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find;
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and soften'd in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man can Man destroy?
Suffice, that Reason keep to Nature's road;
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise;
Present to grasp, and future still to find;
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike:
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
*As strong or weak* the organs of the frame;

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath
Receives the lurking principle of death,
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength;
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came.
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this in body and in soul;
Whatever warms the heart or fills the head,
As the mind opens and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,
As Heav'n's bless'd beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
*Or from a judge* turn pleader, to persuade
*The choice* we make, or justify it made;

Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
  Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow;
And treat this passion more as friend than foe.
A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft' more strong than all) the love of ease;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence,
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride;
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.
  Th' eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.
  *As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,*
*On savage stocks inserted* learn to bear,

The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n av'rice prudence, sloth philosophy;
Lust thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue male or female can we name,
But what will grow on pride or grow on shame.
Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery soul abhor'd in Cataline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
IV. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd
What shall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce;
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Tho' each by turns the others bounds invade,
As *in some well-wrought* picture light and shade,

... white and black blend, soften, e
A thousand ways, is there no blac
Ask your own heart, and nothing
'Tis to mistake them costs the tin

V. Vice is a monster of so frigh
As to be hated needs but to be see
Yet seen too oft', familiar with he
We first endure, then pity, then e
But where th' extreme of vice wa
Ask where's the North? at York
In Scotland at the Orcades; and t
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lo
No creature owns it in the first de
But thinks his neighbour further g
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its
Or never feel the rage or never o

r parts we follow good or ill;
ır virtue self directs it still;
vidual seeks a sev'ral goal;
n's great view is one, and that the whole:
terworks each folly and caprice;
ppoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
by frailtie's to all ranks apply'd,
the virgin, to the matron pride,
e statesman, rashness to the chief,
presumption, and to crowds belief:
ıe's ends from vanity can raise,
ks no int'rest, no reward, but praise;
on wants, and on defects of mind,
ıe peace, the glory of mankind.
forming each on other to depend,
or a servant, or a friend,
on other for assistance call,
an's weakness grows the strength of all.
ılties, passions, closer still ally
on int'rest, or endear the tie.
ve owe true friendship, love sincere,
-felt joy that life inherits here;
he same we learn, in its decline,
, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
lf by reason, half by mere decay,
*death*, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or
Not one will change his neighbour with himself
The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely bless'd the poet in his Muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels thro' nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of ag
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays,
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vaculty of sense by pride:

These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble Joy;
One prospect lost another still we gain,
And not a vanity is given in vain;
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

I. THE whole universe one syst
7. &c. Nothing made wholly for it
ly for another, v. 27. The happine
tual, v. 49. II. Reason or instinc
the good of each individual, v. 79.
stinct operate also to society in all a
How far society carried by instinct,
farther by reason, v. 128. IV. Of
led the State of Nature, v. 147.
by instinct in the invention of arts,
forms of Society, v. 176. V. Origi
cieties, v. 199; origin of monarchy
archal government, v. 212. VI. O

HERE then we rest: The Universal Cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day,
But most be present if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend;
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good:
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again.
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die;)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving, soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least,
Made beast an aid of Man, and Man of beast;
All *serv'd, all-serving*; nothing stands alone;
*The chain holds on*, and where it ends unknown.

y tunes his voice, joy elevates his wi
it for thee the linnet pours his troa
oves of his own and raptures swell t
he bounding steed you pompously b
Shares with his lord the pleasure a
thine alone the seed that strews th
he birds of heav'n shall vindicate th
hine the full harvest of the golden y
art pays, and justly, the deserving s
he hog that ploughs not, nor obeys t
ives on the labours of this Lord of a
Know Nature's children all divide
he fur that warms a monarch warm
Vhile Man exclaims, "See all hing
See Man for mine!" replies a pam

Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasures, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves:
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And till he ends the being makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou, too, must perish when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being Heav'n, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it, but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
*Its only thinking* thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason or with instinct blest,
Know all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say where full instinst is th'unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near,
But honest instinct comes a volunteer;
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit,
While still too wide or short is human wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
This, too, serves always; reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to chuse their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempest to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
*Sure as De Moivre*, without rule or line?

Who bid the stork, Columbus like explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God in the nature of each being founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;
But as he fram'd the whole the whole to bless
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first external Order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, Man to Man,
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning ether keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace!
They love themselves a third time in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend;
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
*Another love* succeeds another race.

ach virtue in each passion takes its
nd still new needs, new helps, new
hat graft benevolence on charities.
ill as one brood and as another rose
hese nat'ral love maintain'd, habitu
he last scarce ripen'd into perfect
) helpless him from whom their life
em'ry and forecast just returns eng
hat pointed back to youth, this on t
'hile pleasure, gratitude, and hope,
ill spread the int'rest, and preserv'
IV. Nor think in Nature's state th
he state of Nature was the reign of
lf-love and social at her birth begar
ion the bond of all things, and of M

The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the Man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.
See him from nature rising slow to art!
To copy instinct then was Reason's part:
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here, too, all forms of social union find,
And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind:
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aërial on the waving tree.

... ever, tho' a m
" Their sep'rate cells and pro
" Mark what unvary'd laws p
" Laws wise as Nature, and a
" In vain thy reason finer web
" Entangle Justice in her net o
" And right, too rigid, harden
" Still for the strong too weak,
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the
" Thus let the wiser make the
" And for those arts mere instin
" Be crown'd as monarchs, or a

V. Great Nature spoke; obs
Cities were built, societies were
Here rose one little state; anot
Grew by like ...

Thus states were form'd, the name of King unknown,
Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
'Twas virtue only, (or in arts or arms
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms,)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground;
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great first Father, and that first ador'd:
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one.
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,
And *own'd a Father* when he own'd a God.

Love all the faith and all th' allegiance then,
For Nature knew no right divine in Men;
No ill could fear in God, and understood
A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its cau
Force first made conquest, and that conquest
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe;
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects, m
She 'midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's
When rock'd the mountains and when groa
ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pr
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they
She from the rending earth and bursting ski
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise;
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abo
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her g
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lus
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
*And, form'd* like tyrants, tyrants would belie

en, not Charity, became the guide,
ll was built on spite, and heav'n on pride:
icred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
irst the flamen tasted living food,
is grim idol smear'd with human blood;
leav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
ıy'd the god an engine on his foe.
ives self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
me self-love in all becomes the cause
t restrains him, government and laws.
at one likes if others like as well?
serves one will when many wills rebel?
ıall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
ker may surpise, a stronger take?
ety must his liberty restrain;
ı to guard what each desires to gain.
into virtue thus by self-defence,
ings learn'd justice and benevolence:
ve forsook the path it first pursu'd,
und the private in the public good.
as then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
er of God, or friend of human-kind,
r patriot, rose but t) restore
*ith and moral* Nature gave before;

he less or greater set so justly true,
'hat touching one must strike the other
ill jarring int'rests of themselves create
h' according music of a well-mix'd stat
ıch is the world's great harmony, that
rom order, union, full consent of things;
/here small and great, where weak
'o serve, not suffer; strengthen, not inv
[ore pow'rful each as needful to the re
.nd in proportion as it blesses blest;
)raw to one point, and to one centre bri
east, man, or angel, servant, lord, or k
or forms of government let fools contes
Vhate'er is best administer'd is best:
'or modes of faith let graceless zealots

On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

I. False notions of happiness, phi
pular, answered, from v. 19. to 27.
of all Men, and attainable by all, v.
happiness to be equal; and, to be
cial, since all particular happiness
ral, and since he governs by gener
laws, v. 35. As it is necessary fo
peace and welfare of society, tha
should be unequal, happiness is not
these, v. 51: but, notwithstanding th
balance of happiness amongst man
by Providence by the two passions
v. 70. III. What the happiness of
far as is consistent with the constitut

in favour of particulars, v. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, v. 131, &c. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue, v. 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue, instanced in Riches, v. 185. Honours, v. 193. Nobility, v. 205. Greatness, v. 217. Fame, 237. Superior talents, v. 259, &c. with pictures of human infelicity in Men possessed of them all, v. 269, &c. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, v. 309, &c. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it hereafter, 327, &c.

Which still so near us, yet beyond
O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'
Fair op'ning so some court's propit
Or deep with di'monds in the flami
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassia
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the fi
Where grows?—where grows it nc
We ought to blame the culture, not
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincer
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry
'Tis never to be bought, but always
And fled from monarchs, St. John!
Ask of the learn'd the way? the l

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
Take Nature's path and mad Opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.
Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
"Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws,"
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfi'd.
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink;
Each has his share; and who would more obtain
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heav'n's first law; and, this confest,
Some are and must be greater than the rest;
More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
*That such are* happier shocks all common sense.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thir
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is or him who finds a frien
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of
One common blessing, as one common
But Fortune's gifts if each alike posses
And each were equal, must not all cont
If then to all men happiness was meant
God in externals could not place conter

Fortune her gifts may variously disp
And these be happy call'd, unhappy th
But Heav'n's just balance equal will ap
While those are plac'd in hope and the
Not present good or ill the joy or curse

on's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
n three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
ealth consists with temperance alone;
peace, oh, Virtue! peace is all thy own.
good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
hese less taste them as they worse obtain.
in pursuit of profit or delight,
risk the most that take wrong means or right?
ce or virtue, whether bless'd or curst,
h meets contempt, or which compassion first?
t all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
ut what virtue flies from and disdains:
grant the bad what happiness they would,
hey must want, which is to pass for good.
blind to truth and God's whole scheme below,
fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
sees and follows that great scheme the best,
knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
ols the good alone unhappy call,
ls or accidents that chance to all.
alkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
odlike Turrene prostrate on the dust!
idney bleeds amid the martial strife!
this their virtue or contempt of life?
vas it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
ited *Digby*! sunk thee to the grave?

Or why so long (in life if long can t
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor a
What makes all physical or mor
There deviates Nature, and here v
God sends not ill, if rightly underst
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or Nature lets it
Short and but rare till Man improv
We just as wisely might of Heav'n
That righteous Abel was destroy'd
As that the virtuous son is ill at ea
When his lewd father gave the dir
Think we, like some weak prince,
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse h
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage re

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be;
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's Peculiar care;
But who but God can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of Hell:
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing or its rod,
This cries There is, and that There is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest;
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue punish mine.
Whatever is is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:
And which more bless'd? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
"But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed."
What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit; 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
Where Folly fights for kings or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
*Nor is his claim to* plenty but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No shall the good want health, the good want power,
Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?
Who ask and reason thus will scarce conceive
God gives enough while he has more to give:
Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand,
Say at what part of Nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yea sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind:
Rewards that either would to virtue bring
*No joy, or be destructive of the thing.*

How oft' by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh! fool, to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year!
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and coul?"
I'll tell you, friend, a wise man and a fool.
You'll find if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk.
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
*In quiet flow from* Lucrece to Lucrece:

Or, and pretend your family is
Nor own your fathers have been
What can ennoble sots, or slaves,
Alas! not all the blood of all the

Look next on Greatness; say w
"Where but among the heroes a
Heroes are much the same, the p
From Macedonia's madman to th
The whole strange purpose of the
Or make an enemy of all mankind
Not one looks backward, onward
Yet ne'er looks forward further th
No less alike the politic and wise!
All sly slow things with circumspe
Men in their loose unguarded hour
Not that themselves

Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates; that man is great indeed.
What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath;
A thing beyond us ev'n before our death:
Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends:
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living as a Cæsar dead:
Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd
Hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart;
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
Who parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?

'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in buss'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge;
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account,
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft' is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the Man to whom they fall
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest, of mankind;
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all united thy ambition call,
*From ancient* story learn to scorn them all:

ı the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
false scale of happiness complete!
s of kings or arms of queens who lay,
ɔpy! those to ruin, these betray.
r what wretched steps their glory grows,
rt and seaweed, as proud Venus rose;
ıow guilt and greatness equal ran,
that raise the hero sunk the Man;
rope's laurels on their brows behold,
'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold;
: them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
ıous for plunder'd provinces.
lth ill-fated! which no act of fame
ght to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!
:eater bliss attends their close of life?
eedy minion, or imperious wife,
ɔhy'd arches story'd halls invade,
ınt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
ot dazzled with their noontide ray,
: the morn and ev'ning to the day;
ɔle amount of that enormous fame,
ıat blends their glory with their shame!
then this truth, (enough for man to know.)
: alone is happiness below:"
y point where human bliss stands still,
*es the good* without the fall to ill;

ıd if it lose attended ...
ithout satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,
ıd but more relish'd as the more distre
he broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
ess pleasing far than Virtue's very tear
ood from each object, from each place,
or ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
ever elated while one man's oppress'd
ever dejected while another's bless'd ;
ınd where no wants no wishes can rema
ince but to wish more virtue is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all
Which who but feels can taste, but thin
Yet poor with fortune, and with learnin
The bad must miss, the good untaught w
... who takes no private re

ows where faith, law, morals, all began,
in love of God and love of Man.
im alone Hope leads from goal to goal,
:ns still and opens on his soul,
;then'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
the bliss that fills up all the mind.
why Nature plants in man alone
known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown:
, whose dictates to no other kind
'n in vain, but what they seek they find:)
her present; she connects in this
itest virtue with his greatest bliss;
his own bright prospect to be blest,
ngest motive to assist the rest.
ve thus push'd to social, to divine,
ee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
o little for the boundless heart?
t, let thy enemies have part:
ie whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
ose system of Benevolence:
as kinder, in what'er degree,
;ht of bliss but height of charity.
ves from whole to parts; but human soul
e from individual to the whole.
but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
*all pebble* stirs the peaceful lake;

Take ev'ry creature in of ev
Earth smiles around, with bc
And Heav'n beholds its imag
Come then, my Friend ! n
Oh, master of the poet and tl
And while the Muse now stoc
To Man's low passions, or th
Teach me, like thee, in vario
To fall with dignity, with ten
Form'd by thy converse happ
From grave to gay, from livel
Correct with spirit, eloquent
Intent to reason, or polite to
Oh ! while along the stream
Expanded flies, and gathers

t, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
n sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light,
w'd erring Pride whatever is is right;
t reason, passion, answer one great aim;
t true self-love and social are the same;
t virtue only makes our bliss below,
all our knowledge is ourselves to know.

[AS some passages in the Essay on Man have been suspected of favouring the schemes of Leibnitz and Spinoza, or of a tendency towards Fate and Naturalism, it is thought proper here to insert the two following Letters, to show how ill-grounded such a suspicion is.]

*Mr. Pope to the Younger Racine, a celebrated French writer, occasioned by his animadversions on his Essay on Man, in a Poem called Religion.*

SIR, *London, Sept.* 1, 1742.

THE expectation in which I have been for some time past of receiving the present you have honoured me with, was the occasion of my delaying so long to answer your letter. I am at length favoured with your Poem upon Religion, and should have received, from the perusal of it, a pleasure unmixed with pain, had I not the mortification to find that you impute several principles to me which I abhor and detest. My uneasiness met some alleviation from a passage in your preface, where you declare your inability, from a *want of knowledge* of the English language, to give *your own judgment* on The Essay on Man. You ad

...e proof of you
cretion, and your charity. I n
sure you, Sir, that your unaqua
ginal has not proved more fata
perfect conceptions of my transl
sufficiently informed themselve
ments. The many additional en
my Piece has received from the
R—, have not done an honour to
equal to the prejudice it has suffer
misapprehension of the principles
mistakes, you will preceive, are t
English piece which I have trans
a critical and philosophic commen
learned author of the Divine Leg
flatter myself that the Chevalier

I must avow then, openly and sincerely, that my principles are diametrically opposite to the sentiments of Spinoza and Leibnitz; they are perfectly coincident with the tenets of M. Paschal and the Archbishop of Cambray; and I shall always esteem it an honour to me to imitate the moderation with which the latter submitted his private opinions to the decisions of the church of which he professed himself a member.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. POPE.

*M. Racine's answer to Mr. Pope.*

SIR, *Paris oct. 25, 1742.*

THE mildness and humility with which you justify yourself is a convincing proof of your religion; the more so, as you have done it to one on whom it is incumbent to make his own appology for his rash attack upon your character. Your manner of pardoning me is the more delicate, as it is done without any mixture of reproach: but though you acquit me with so much politeness, I shall not so easily forgive myself.

*Certain it is,* a precipitance of zeal hurried me

right to enter the lists with you.
preface was extorted from me by a
which I felt in writing against you
Sir, was awakened in me by the
the greatest men are always the
the truths of Revelation, I was real
that Mr. Pope should oppose a r
mies have ever been contemptible
strange that, in a Work which poi
happiness, you should furnish arm
industrious to misguide us in the r

Your letter at the same time tha
your character, must bring a blu
having entertained unjust suspici
standing this, I think myself oblige

of your doctrine, I will add, that, for
ıose among us who shall feel the laudable
making their poetry subservient to reli-
o take you for their model; and it should
ıembered that the greatest poet in En-
of the humblest sons of the church.

I am, &c.

# MORAL ESSAYS,

## *IN FOUR EPISTLES.*

TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ,
Interdum urbani parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto. HOR.

## *ADVERTISEMENT.*

*THE Essay on Man was intended to have been* mprised *in Four books:*

*The* First *of which the Author has given us under* hat *title in Four Epistles.*

*The* Second *was to have consisted of the same num-* er: 1. *Of the extent and limits of human reason.* . *Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of* hem, *which are useful, and therefore attainable, to-* ether *with those which are unuseful, and therefore* nattainable. 3. *Of the nature, ends, use, and ap-* ication, *of the different capacities of men.* &c.

*The* Third *book regarded ci*
*ence of politics, in which the s*
*public were to be examined an*
*with the several modes of relig*
*forth as they affect society: be*
*thor always supposed there wa*
*relation and closest connection*
*would have treated of civil an*
*their full extent.*

*The* Fourth *and last Book*
*thics, or practical morality, con*
*cumstances, orders, professions,*
*man life.*

*The scheme of all this had bee*
*and communicated to L. Bolin*

*cious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the* disjecta membra poetæ *that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected Books.*

*The* First, *as it treats of Man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundations, and furnishes out the subjects of the three following: so that*

*The* Second *Book was to take up again the first and second Epistles of the First Book, and treat of Man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, and up and down, occasionally, in the other Three.*

*The* Third *Book, in like manner, was to reassume the subject of the Third Epistle of the First, which treats of Man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an epic poem, as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.*

*The* Fourth *and last Book was to pursue the subject*

*part of this concluding Book.*

# MORAL ESSAYS.

## EPISTLE I.

### TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

*Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.*

THE ARGUMENT.

I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, v. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, v. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, v. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. v. 31. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in Men to observe by, v. 37, &c. Our own principles of action often hid from ourselves, v. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, v. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, v. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, v. 77, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, v. 25. No judging of the motives *from the* actions; the same actions proceeding

uncertainty of this, from Nature
licy, v. 120. Characters given a
of men of the world, v. 135; and
v. 140. Actions, passions, opini
mours, or principles, all subject tc
ing by Nature, from v. 158 to 17
mains to find (if we can) his rulin
certainly influence all the rest, ar
seeming or real inconsistency of al
Instanced in the extraordinary ch
179. A caution against mistaki
for first, which will destroy all pos
ledge of mankind, v. 210. Exam
of the ruling passion, and its con
breath, v. 222, &c.

## PART I.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human-kind;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein.
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs first confess,
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
And all Opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds?
*Quick whirls and* shifting eddies of our minds,

Like following life thro' creatu
You lose it in the moment you
Yet more; the diff'rence is
The optics seeing as the objects
All manners take a tincture fr
Or come discolour'd thro' our
Or fancy's beam enlarges, mult
Contracts, inverts, and gives te
Nor will life's stream for obser
It hurries all too fast to mark th
In vain sedate reflections we wo
When half our knowledge we
Oft' in the passions' wild rotatio
Our spring of action to ourselve
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the las
And what comes then

, some are open, and to all men known;
so very close they're hid from none;
tness strikes the sense no less than light;)
acious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
w 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
niversal homage Umbra pays,
tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
att'ry glares all hate it in a queen,
ne there is who charms us with his spleen.
ese plain characters we rarely find;
ong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
ling contraries confound the whole,
tations quite reverse the soul,
l flat falsehood serves for policy;
he cunning truth itself's a lie:
ht-of frailties cheat us in the wise,
l lies hid in inconsistencies.
e same man in vigour, in the gout,
1 company, in place, or out,
bus'ness, and at hazard late,
1 fox-chase, wise at a debate,
t a borough, civil at a ball,
*at Hackney*, faithless at Whitehall.

... would not praise P'a
His hand unstain'd, his uncor
His comprehensive head! al
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain
He thanks you not, his pride
New-market fame, and judgr

What made (say Montaigne
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a l
A perjur'd prince a leaden sa
A godless regent tremble at a
The throne a bigot keep, a ge
Faithless thro' piety, and dup'
Europe a woman, child, or do
And just her wisest monarch t

Know, God and Nature only
In man the judgment ...

## PART II.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent what conclude the why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and show
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight
This quits an empire, that embroils a state.
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always actions shew the man: we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind:
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat;
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave.
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise;
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting, lies.
But grant that actions best discover men;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can:
The *few that glare* each character must mark;
*You balance not* the many in the dark.

Alas! in truth, the man but chang'd hi
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not d
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would ret
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was l
Why risk the world's great empire for
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was c
But, sage Historians! 'tis your task to
One action conduct, one heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters a
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn
A judge is just, a chanc'llor juster still
A gownman learn'd; a bishop what yc
Wise if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, mc
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the high

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar:
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A Quaker? sly: a Presbyterian? sour:
A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's opinion: Scoto now shall tell,
How trade increases and the world goes well:
Strike off his pension by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some god or spirit he has lately found,
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by Nature? habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place.
By actions? those uncertainty divides.
By Passions? these dissimulation hides.
Opinions? they still take a wider range.
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

14351

The fool consistent, and the false sin
Priests, princes, women, no dissemb
This clue once found unravels all th
The prospect clears, and Wharton s
Wharton! the scorn and wonder of
Whose ruling passion was the lust o
Born with whate'er could win it fro
Women and fools must like him, or
Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all
The club must hail him master of t
Shall parts so various aim at nothin
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot t
Then turns repentant, and his God
With the same spirit that he drinks
Enough if all around him but admir
And now the punk applaud, and no

A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An Angel tongue which no man can persuade;
A fool with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies sad outcast of each church and state,
And harder still! flagitious, yet not great!
Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
Nature well known no prodigies remain;
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet in this search the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Cataline by rapine swell'd his store,
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore,
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builders toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
*As fits give* vigour just when they destroy.

onest Nature ends as she begun.
politicians chew on wisdom past,
otter on in buss'ness to the last;
ak, as earnest, and as gravely out
er Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.
old a rev'rend sire, whom want of grac
nade the father of a nameless race,
d from the wall perhaps, or rudely pre
s own son, that passes by unbless'd;
to his wench he crawls on knocking kn
envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.
salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
doctor call'd, declares all help too late
ercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my sc
there no hope?—Alas!—then bring th
moving priests

vould not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
–Betty—give this cheek a little red."
courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
nble servant to all human kind,
ught out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
here I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?"
ive and I devise" (old Euclio said,
h'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."
money, Sir?"—" My money, Sir, what, all?
—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
nanor Sir?—" The manor! hold," he cry'd;
hat—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath,
el your ruling passion strong in death;
those moments as in all the past,
save my country, Heav'n!" shall be your last.

THAT the particular chara
not so strongly marked as those
fixed, and still more inconsistent
1, &c. Instances of contrarieti
such characters as are more st
seemingly, therefore, most cons
affected, v. 21, &c. II. In the sol
37. III. In the cunning and artfu
whimisical, v. 35. V. In the lew
VI. In the witty and refined, v
stupid and simple, v. 101. The
shewn that the particular chara
more various than those of Men,
served that the general charact

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all:"
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Countess here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there Pastora by a fountain side:
Here Fannia leaning on her own good man,
And there a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or dress'd in smile of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine,
Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it,
If folly grow romatic, I must paint it.
Come then, the colours and ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Chuse a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park
Attacks each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock,
Or Sappho at her toilette's greasy task
*With Sappho* fragrant at an ev'ning mask:

So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz and fly-blow in the setting su

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's
To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden she storms! she raves! you tip t
But spare your censure; Silia does not d
All eyes may see from what the change
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark
Sighs for the shades—"How charming
A park is purchas'd; but the fair he see
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious

Ladies like variegated tulips show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alar
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty cha
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her ey
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than w
Strange graces still, and stranger flights.
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create
*As when she touch'd the brink of all we*

ature, tolerable mild,
sh would hardly stew a child,
prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
idesman once to make him stare;
Easter in a Christian trim,
idow happy for a whim.
lare good-nature is her scorn,
hat alone she can be borne?
mortals, yet affect a name,
ure yet a slave to fame?
Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
citron with his Grace and Chartres:
ce chills her, and now Passion burns,
and Religion take their turns;
en in the carnal part,
good Christian at her heart.
ate, majestically drunk,
ress, prouder as a punk;
husband, frank to all beside;
tress, but a barren bride.
et blood and body bear the fault,
touch'd, that noble seat of thought.
s doctrine—in another fit
oets thro' pure love of wit.
fir'd her bosom or her brain?
llboy, Charles and Charlemagne.

So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste ref
Th' address, the delicacy—stoops at
And makes her hearty meal upon a c

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense
To toast our wants and our wishes is
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to
The mighty blessing, "while we liv
Then all for death, that opiate of the
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bow
Say, what can cause such impotence
A spark too fickle, or a sponse too ki
Wise wretch! with pleasures too ref
With too much spirit to be e'er at ea
With too much quickness ever to be

Or her whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion or a pray'r;
Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah how charming if there's no such place!"
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratifie and tears,
The daily anodyne and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair-ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and fool are too hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
Who with herself, or others, from her birth,
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth;
Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules:
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade;
The wisest fool much time has ever made:
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratify'd, except her rage:
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her provokes revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dare be well.

Superiors? death! and equals.
But an inferior not dependent?
Offend her, and she knows not
Oblige her, and she'll hate you
But die, and she'll adore you—
And temple rise—then fall aga
Last night her lord was all tha
A knave this morning, and his
Strange! by the means defea
By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by
By wealth of foll'wers! witho
Sick of herself thro' very selfi
Attossa, curs'd with ev'ry gra
Childless with all her childre
To heirs unknown descends t
Or wanders, Heav'n directed
Pictures like these, dear M

et Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
e in her then err'd not, but forgot.
h ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.
eaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought,
never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
: she finds too painful an endeavour,
nt to dwell in decencies for ever.
y reasonable, so unmov'd,
ver yet to love or to be lov'd.
hile her lover pants upon her breast,
ark the figures on an Indian chest;
hen she sees her friend in deep despair,
ves how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
l it, Heav'n! a favour or a debt
er should cancel!—but she may forget.
your secret still in Chloe's ear;
me of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
her dears she never slander'd one,
ires not if a thousand are undone.
l Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
ds her footman put it in her head.
is prudent—Would you too be wise?
never break your heart when Chloe dies.
: certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
h Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a queen;

'Tis well—but, Artists! who c
To draw the naked is your tru
That robe of quality so struts a
None see what parts of Nature
Th' exactest traits of body or of
We owe to models of an humble
If Queensbury to strip there's no
'Tis from a handmaid we must t
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy
To draw the man who loves his C
Alas! I copy (or my draught wo
From honest Mah'met or plain P

But grant in public men someti
A Woman's seen in private life a
Our bolder talents in full light dis

Those only fix'd they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.
That Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience this: by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men some to bus'ness some to pleasure take,
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a rake:
Men some to quiet some to public strife,
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means.
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.

But Wisdom's triumph is well tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex as children birds pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure if they catch to spoil the toy at most,
*To covet flying*, and regret when lost:

At last to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it when they give no more,
As hags hold sabbaths less for joy than spight
So these their merry miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

See how the World its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!

Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing.
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
*She who can* lose a sister's charms, or hear
*Sighs for a daughter* with unwounded ear;

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or if she rules him never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself tho' china fall.
And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man:
Picks from each sex to make the fav'rite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest;
Blends in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new,
Shakes all together, and produces—you.
Be this a Woman's fame; with this unblest
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
*Averted half* your parent's simple pray'r,

Kept dross for duchesses ; the world
To you gave sense, good humour, an

## EPISTLE III.

### TO ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

### *Of the use of Riches.*

THE ARGUMENT.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion, v. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, v. 21 to 77. That Riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries, v. 89 to 160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, v. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, v. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, v. 161 to 178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, v. 179. How a prodigal does the same, v. 199. The due medium and true use of Riches, v. 219. The Man of Ross, v. 250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death, v. 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, v. 339, *to the end.*

– Gold but sent to keep the foo
For some to heap and some to thr
But I, who think more highly o
(And surely Heav'n and I are of a
Opine that Nature, as in duty bou
Deep hid the shining mischief und
But when by man's audacious labo
Flam'd forth this rival to its sire th
Then careful Heav'n supply'd two
To squander these, and those to hic
Like doctors thus when much dis
We find our tenets just the same at
Both fairly owning Riches, in effect
No grace of Heav'n, or token of th'
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vair
To Ward, to Waters, &c.

Useful I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, society extend:
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.
B. It raises armies in a nation's aid:
P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Bless'd paper credit! last and best supply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow;
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king or buys a queen.
Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see
Still, as of old, incumber'd villainy!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs
*With all their* brandies or with all their wines?

huge bales of British cloth b
" A hundred oxen at your leve
Poor Avarice one torment m
Nor could Profusion squander a
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan
And Worldly crying coals from
Whom with a wig so wild and
Pity mistakes for some poor trad
Had Colepepper's whole wealth
Could he himself have sent it to
His Grace will game; to White'
With spurning heels and with a
To White's be carry'd, as to anci
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes h

P. What Riches give us let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes? B. What more? P. Meat,
clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give;
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? To dying Hopkins heirs?
To Chartres vigour? Japhet nose and ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaster'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock spite of Shylock's wife.
But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat.
To some indeed Heav'n grants the happier fate
T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part:
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool.
"God *cannot* love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
"*The* wretch he starves"—and piously denies:

... the mines, an equal fat
The slave that digs it and the tide
B. Who suffer thus, mere Char
Must act on motives pow'rful tho'
P. Some war, some plague or fa
Some revelation hid from you and
Why Shylock wants a meal the ca
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pc
What made Directors cheat in So
To live on ven'son when it sold so
Ask you why Phryne the whole auc
Phryne foresees a general excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that mo
Alas! they fear a man will cost a p
Wise Peter sees the world's resp
And therefore hopes this nation

Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in the Austrian mines.
Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
" At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
" So long by watchful ministers withstood)
" Shall deluge all: and av'rice creeping on,
" Spread like a low-born mist and blot the sun;
" Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
" Peers and butler share alike the box,
" And judges job, and bishops bite the Town,
" And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown:
" See Britain sunk in Lucre's sordid charms, [arms,
" And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's
'Twas no court badge, great Scriv'ner fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
" All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my Friend! has reason in his rage?
" The ruling passion, be it what it will,
" The ruling passion, conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than ev'n that passion if it has no aim;

" Extremes in Nature equal good I
" Extremes in man concur to gen'r
Ask we what makes one keep and
That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb
Bids seedtime, harvest, equal cours
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drougl
Builds life on death, on change dur
And gives th' eternal wheels to kno

Riches, like insects, when conceal
Wait but for wings, and in their sea
Who sees pale Mammon pine amid
Sees but a backward steward for the
This year a reservoir to keep and s
The next a fountain spouting thro' l
In lavish streams to quench a count

If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramin's, saints, and sages, did before:
To cram the rich was prodigal expence;
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way;
Benighted wanderers the forest o'er
Curse the sav'd candle and unop'ning door;
While the guant mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son; he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right:
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow is a task indeed!)
Yet sure of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws;
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
*And zeal* for that great house which eats him up.

To Town he comes, completes
And heads the bold trainbands,
And shall not Britain now rewai
Britain! that pays her patriots
In vain at court the bankrupt pl
His thankless country leaves hin
The sense to value Riches, wi
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to
Not meanly nor ambitiously purs
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by s
To balance fortune by a just expe
Join with economy magnificence;
With splendour charity, with ple
Oh! teach us, Bathurst! yet unsp
That secret rare, between th' ext

In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.
P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord who knows a chearful noon,
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon?
Whose table wit or modest merit share,
Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies your's or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh, Fortune! gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing The Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost.
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?

Where Age and Want sit smilin
Him portion'd maids, apprentic
The young who labour, and the
Is any sick? The Man of Ross r
Prescribes, attends, the med'cin
Is there a variance? enter but h
Baulk'd are the courts, and con
Despairing quacks with curses f
And vile attorneys, now an usel

B. Thrice happy Man! enabl
What all so wish, but want the
Oh! say what sums that gen'rou
What mines to swell that boundl

P. Of debts and taxes, wife an
This Man possess'd—five hundre
Blush, Grandeur! blush; proud

o search it there, where to be born and die
f rich and poor makes all the history;
nough that virtue fill'd the space between,
rov'd by the ends of being to have been.
/hen Hopkins dies a thousand lights attend
he wtetch who living sav'd a candle's end:
ıould'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
ılies his features, nay, extends his hands;
hat live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
ternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
ehold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
nd see what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
he floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
ı once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
ith tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
he George and Garter dangling from that bed
here tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
eat Villiers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
ıat life of pleasure and that soul of whim!
ıllant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
ıe bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and Love;
just as gay at council, in a ring
mimic'd statesmen and their merry king
wit to flatter, left of all his store!
*fool to laugh* at, which he valu'd more.

" That I can do when all I have
Resolve me, Reason, which of th
Want with a full or with an emp
Thy life more wretched, Cutler
Arise and tell me, was thy deatl
Cutler saw tenants break and hc
For very want he could not buil
His only daughter in a stranger'
For very want he could not pay
A few gray hairs his rev'rend te
'Twas very want that sold them
What! ev'n deny'd a cordial at
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'
What but a want which you per
Yet numbers feel the want of wh

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at church and 'Change: his gains were sure;
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The Devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint and cracks his jokes.
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And, lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
And honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,
So *kept the di'mond*, and the rogue was bit.

[redacted] saw his time, the
Stocks and subscriptions pour on t
Till all the dæmon makes his full
In one abundant show'r of *cent. per*
Sinks deep within him, and possess
Then dubs Director, and secures h

Behold, Sir Balaam, now a man
Ascribes his gettings to his parts an
What late he call'd a blessing now
And God's good providence a luck
Things change their titles as our m
His compting-house employ'd the S
Seldom at church ('twas such a bus
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the devil ordain'd) one C
My good old lady caught'd [redacted]

His daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play; so bad her chance
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France:
The House impeach him; Coningsby harangues;
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The devil and the king divide the prize;
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

THE ARGUME

THE vanity of expence in pe
quality. The abuse of the word
the first principle and foundation
thing else, is good sense, v. 40.
it is to follow Nature, even in w
and elegance. Instanced in arch
ing, where all must be adapted t
of the place, and the beauties not
resulting from it, v. 50. How m
in their most expensive undertak
true foundation, without which

ıle, v. 97; and the second, either in joining to-
parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling,
ıe repitition of the same, too frequently, v.
. A word or two of false Taste in books, in
in painting, even in preaching and prayer;
stly, in entertainments, v. 133, &c.: yet Pro-
: is justified in giving wealth to be squandered
manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and la-
part of mankind, v. 169. [recurring to what
down in the First Book, Ep. ii. and in the E-
ɔreceding this, v. 159, &c.] What are the pro-
ects of magnificence, and a proper field for the
:e of great men, v. 177, &c. and, finally, the great
blic works which become a prince, v. 191, to
l.

Not for himself he sees, or hears, or
Artists must chuse his pictures, mus
He buys for Topham drawings and c
For Pembroke statues dirty gods and
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hear
And books for Mead, and butterflies
Think we all these are for himself?
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer wh

For what has Viro painted, built, a
Only to show how many tastes he wa
What brought Sir Vito's ill got wealth
Some dæmon whisper'd, "Vito! hav
Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy
And needs no rod but Ripley with a ru
See! sportive Fate, to punish awkwar

Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd doghole ek'd with ends or wall;
Then clap for slices of pilaster on't,
That lac'd with bits of rustic makes a front;
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve they starve by rules of art.

Oft' have you hinted to your brother peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expence,
And something precious ev'n to taste—'tis sense;
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no science, fairly worth the sev'n;
A light which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all let nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
*Nor overdress*, nor leave her wholly bare;

That tells the waters or to rise
Or helps th' ambitious hill the
Or scoops in circling theatre th
Calls in the country, catches op
Joins willing woods, and varies
Now breaks, or now directs, th
Paints as you plant, and as you
Still follow sense, of ev'ry art
Parts answering parts shall slid
Spontaneous beauties all around
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike
Nature shall join you; time shal
A work to wonder at—perhaps
Without it, proud Versailles! th
And Nero's terraces desert thei

Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet,
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them you! Villario can no more:
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day;
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught
As *brings all* Brobdingnag before your thought.

A puny insect shiv'ring at a ...
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness arour
The whole a labour'd quarry above gr
Two Cupids squirt before; a lake behi
Improves the keenness of the northern
His gardens next your admiration call;
On ev'ry side you look behold the wall
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scen
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a
And half the platform just reflects the
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature se
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as
With here a fountain never to be pl
And there a summerhouse that knov
... thro' myrtle

And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His study! with what authors it is stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound!
Lo some are vellum, and the rest as good,
For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood!
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look;
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of music, broken and unev'n,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heav'n.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest the cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, *it's a temple* and a hecatomb;

Between each act the trembling salvers
From soup to sweet wine, and God bles
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my l
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve
I curse such lavish cost and little skill,
And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the l
Health to himself and to his infants bri
The lab'rer bears: what his hard hea
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ea
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the pa
Deep harvests bury all his pride has

Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow;
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
You, too, proceed! make failing arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main:
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land:
These honours Peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

[*Occasioned by his Dialogues on*

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring
How Rome her own sad sepulchre apı
With nodding arches, broken temples,
The very tombs now vanish'd like thei
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spo
Where mix'd with slaves the groanin
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled w
Now drain'd a distant country of her
Fanes, which admiring gods with pri
Statues of men scarce less alive than
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'
Some hostile fury, some religious rag
Christian zeal

Huge moles, whose shadows stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more:
Convinc'd she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
*Touch'd by* thy hand again Rome's glories shine;

The verse and sculpture [illegible]
And art reflected images to art.

Oh! when shall Britain, conscious of
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fam
In living Medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recordin
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest fa
There warriors frowning in historic bra
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks a
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shov
A Virgil there, and here an Addison:
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call
On the cast ore another Pollio shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be r

# STATIUS HIS THEI

## BOOK I.

[*Translated in the Year* 1703.]

THE ARGUMENT

OEDIPUS, king of Thebes, having by
lain his father Laius, and married his moth
a, put out his own eyes, and resigned his
is sons Eteocles and Polynices. Being negl
iem, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisip
w debate betwixt the brothers. They agree
reign singly, each a year by turns, and the
btained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a counci
s, declares his resolution of punishing th
s, and Argives also, by means of marriage
nices and one of the daughters of Adrastu
rgos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; an
is sent on a message to the shades, to th
ius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and p
o break the agreement. Polynices, in th
departs from Thebes by night, is overta
n, and arrives at Argos, where he me
who had fled from Calidon, having

those beasts were worn, and who arrived
when he kept an annual feast in honour
The rise of this solemnity: he relates to h
loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the s
rœbus: he inquires and is made acqu
their descent and quality: the sacrifice
and the Book concludes with a hymn to A

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes alarms;
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O Goddess! say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th'unhappy monarch found?
The sire against the son his arrows drew;
O'er the wild fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, Muse! the barrier of thy song
At Oedipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring Eagles sing;
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;

Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to rol
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;
Or, long before, with early valour strove
In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove.
And thou great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name!
Oh! bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
What tho' the stars contract their heavenly spa
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee pla
Tho' all the skies ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Tho' Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne and share his heav'n with th
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities.
The time will come when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame!
Mean while permit that my preluding Muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse:
Of furious hate surviving death she sings,
*A fatal throne* or two contending kings,

And fun'ral flames that, parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and wand'ring ghosts
Of kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian t
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep
In heaps his slaughter'd sons into the deep.
What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
Hippomedom repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
nd sing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of sight,
d a long death in everlasting night;
: while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,
clear reflecting mind presents his sin
ightful views, and makes it day within;
rning thoughts in endless circles roll,
housand furies haunt his guilty soul:
rretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,

Thro' dreary coasts, which I tho' blind de
Tisiphone! that oft' hast heard my pray'
Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care.
If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to c
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,
When by the son the trembling father dy
Where the three roads the Phocian fields
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd re
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mo
For hell and thee begot an impious brood
And with full lust those horrid joys renev
[illegible] to shades of endl

Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
These sons, ye God! who, with flagitious pride,
Insult my darkness and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou Fury! then some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail;
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear,
Break all the bonds of Nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
Blind as I am, some glorious villainy!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Couldst thou some great proportion'd mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came."
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes unty'd sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground:
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,
The gliding lightning or descending star.
Thro' crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
*And dark dominions of the silent night;*

Veil'd her fair glories in the sha
Affrighted Atlas on the distant s
Trembled, and shook the heav'
Now from beneath Malea's airy
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to
With eager speed the well-know
Nor here regrets the hell she la
A hundred snakes her gloomy vi
A hundred serpents guard her h
In her sunk eyeballs dreadful me
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody
When lab'ring with strong cha
A fiery gleam, and reddens all t
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and fi
Blue steaming poisons, and a len

A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round,
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And thro' th' Achaian cities send the sound.
Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice,
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Leucothë shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possest,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their furies wake within their breast;
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate engender'd by suspicious fears;
And sacred thirst of sway, and all the ties
Of Nature broke, and royal perjuries;
And impotent desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne.
Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,
While discord waits upon divided pow'r.

Th' unwonted weig...
But rend the reins, and bound a c
And all the furrows in confusion
Such was the discord of the roya
Whom fury drove precipitate to
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a spe
To govern Thebes by their alter
Unjust decree! while this enjoy
That mourns in exile his unequa
And the short monarch of a has
Foresees with anguish his retur
Thus did the league their impi
But scarce subsisted to the sec
Yet then no proud aspiring
No fretted roofs with polish'd
... columns in long

Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus' views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like these not all the realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
But Fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown.
What joys, oh, Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear:
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite,
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd—"O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauspicious reign!

Ev'n Fortune rules no more—
Where exil'd tyrants still by tu
Thou sire of gods and men, im
Is this th' eternal doom decreed
On thy own offspring hast thou
From the first birth of our unh
When banish'd Cadmus, wand
For lost Europa search'd the w
And fated in Bœotian fields to
A rising empire on a foreign gr
First rais'd our walls on that il
Where earth-born brothers we
What lofty looks the unrivall'd
How all the tyrant in his face a
What sullen furv clouds his scor

O wretched we, a vile submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!
As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that the wav'ring sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw;
Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate,
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this com-
And now th' almighty Father of the gods [mands."
Convenes a council in the bless'd abodes.
Far in the light recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
Whence far below, the gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.
Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The Majesty of heav'n superior shone:
Serene he look'd and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.
At Joves assent the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;
*Those from* whose urns the rolling rivers flow,
*And those* that give the wand'ring winds to blow:

Heav'n seems improv'd with a sur
And the bright arch reflects a dou
The Monarch then his solemn sil
The still creation listened while h
Each sacred accent bears eternal
And each irrevocable word is fate

"How long shall man the wrath
And force unwilling vengeance fre
Oh! race confed'rate into crimes,
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage c
This weary'd arm can scarce the
And unregarded thunder rolls in v
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its
For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds
And the mad mules to mis[illegible]

The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long series of succeeding woe?
How oft' the Furies from the deeps of night
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight;
Th' exulting mother stain'd with filial blood,
The savage hunter and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane
The sun would sink into the western main,
And, rising, gild the radient east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
Thro' violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, oh, Oedipus! just Heav'n alarms,
And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.

Yet harbours vengeance for the
He said; and thus the queen
(With sudden grief her lab'ring
" Must I, whose cares Phoroneu
Must I, oh Jove! in bloody wars
Thou know'st those regions my
Glorious in arms, in riches, and
Tho' there the fair Egyptian hei
And there deluded Argus slept a
Tho' there the braz'n tow'r was
When Jove descended in almight
Yet I can pardon those obscurer
Those bashful crimes disguis'd in
But Thebes, where, shining in ce
Thou cam'st triumphant to a mo

Go, raise my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
Nor more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the fathers' crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance? to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
*Presumptuous* Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove?

And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove! thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barb'rous kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as
Thus in reproach and pray'r the queen exp
The rage and grief contending in her breast.
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
" 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would
The dire tho' just revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care:
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their work, and rev'rence our superior will:
For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunder
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air,
Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repai
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,

Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand
Expects his passage to the farther strand:
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign.
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate;
The rest succeeding times shall ripen into fate.
The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies:
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
Thus thro' the parting clouds the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radient circle o'er the skies.

Forbidden Thebes appears bel
From whence he sees his abse
With transport views the airy
And swells on an imaginary th
Fain would he cast a tedious a
And live out all in one triumpl
He chides the lazy progress of
And bids the year with swifter
With anxious hopes his cravin
And all his joys in length of wi

The hero then resolves his
Where ancient Danaus' fruitfu
And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'
(Where late the sun did Atreu
And disappear'd in horror of th

Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs;
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores;
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to Night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light;
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beasts lie hush'd: Sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending thro' the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams th' scatt'ring shades of night:
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds.

And floated fields lie undistinguish'd
Th' Inachian streams with headlong
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on;
The foaming Lerna swells above its
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er
Where late was dust, now rapid tor
Rush thro' the mounds, and bear th
Old limbs of trees, from crackling f
Are whirl'd in air, and on the wind
The storm the dark Lycæan groves
And first to light expos'd the sacre
The intrepid Theban hears the bur
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragm
And views astonish'd, from the hill
The floods descending, and the wat

So fares the sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief on ev'ry side distress'd,
Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd;
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey;
Till he beheld where from Larissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies;
On that Prosymma's grove and temple rise.
He pass'd the gates, which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumber seals his eyes.
Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days:
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.

Sat heavy on his heart, and broke his r
This, great Amphiaraus! lay hid from
Tho' skill'd in fate and dark futurity.
The father's skill and prophet's art w
For thus did the predicting god ordain.
Lo, hapless Tydeus! whose ill-fate
Had slain his brother, leaves his nativ
And, seiz'd with horror in the shades
Thro' the thick deserts headlong urg'
Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement
Till, led by Fate, the Theban's steps
And to fair Argos' open courts succee
When thus the chiefs from diff'rent
T' Adrastus' realms and hospitable c

A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread;
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
Alive the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The king th' accomplish'd oracle surveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead and his future sons:
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein:
To heav'n he lifts his hand, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent queen of Night.
"Goddess of shades! beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon' spangled arch glows with the starry train;
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
Till nature, quicken'd by th' inspiring ray,
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day:
Oh! thou who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
Be present still, oh Goddess! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.
*Hail! faithful* Tripos! hail! ye dark abodes
*Of awful* Phœbus; I confess the gods!"

The king once more the solemn rites
And bids renew the feasts and wake
His train obey, while all the courts a
With noisy care and various tumult s
Embroider'd purple clothes the golde
This slave the floor and that the tabl
A third dispels the darkness of the n
And fills depending lamps with beam
Here loaves in cannisters are pil'd o
And there in flames the slaughter'd
Sublime in regal robes Adrastus sho
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'r
A lofty couch receives each princely
Around, at awful distance, wait the
And now the king, his royal feas

Such was Diana's, such Minerva's, face;
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace!
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise;
Their downcast looks a decent shame confest,
Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies:
There from the chase Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:
Still as he rises in the ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight;
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze;
And the swift hounds affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd.
The first libation sprinkled on the ground,

While with rich gums the flaming altars
Salute the god in num'rous hymns of p

Then thus the king: "Perhaps, my
These honour'd altars, and these annu
To bright Apollo's awful name design
Unknown, with wonder may perplex
Great was the cause: our old solemni
From no blind zeal or fond tradition
But sav'd from death, our Argives ye
These grateful honours to the god of

When by a thousand darts the Pyth
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all th
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's stream
And suck'd new poisons with his trip
To Argos' realms the victor god reso
[illegible] humble cor

But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side
Of Nemea's stream the yielding fair enjoy'd.
Now ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the god was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.
How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah! how unworthy those of race divine!
On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live
Was more, alas! than cruel Fate would give:
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
Devouring Dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
*Then wild* with anguish to her sire she flies,
*Demands* the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the deed too late
The raging god prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by Furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on her crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs
About the realm she walks her dreadful round
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the g
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
But gen'rous rage the bold Chorœbus warms
Chorœbus! fam'd for virtue as for arms;
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flam
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descry'd,
Two bleeding babes depending at her side;
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she dra
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spear
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears;
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining swor
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surpris
*Her twisting* volumes, and her rolling eyes,

Her spotted breast and gaping womb imbru'd
With livid poison and our children's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his sithe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year?
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.
Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save,

And conscious virtue, [illegible]
Willing I come, unknowing how to f
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a supp
Thy monster's death to me was ow'
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown
Behold him here for whom so many
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sull
For whom, as man no longer claim'
Such numbers fell by pestilential air
But if the abandon'd race of human
From gods above no more compassi
If such inclemency in heav'n can dv
Yet why must unoffending Argos fe
The vengeance due to this unlucky
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve i
Unless our desert cities please thy s
On fun'ral flames reflect a grateful

For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring god th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts and praise:
Those solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please;
These honours still renew'd his ancient wrath appease.
But say, illustrious guests! (adjoin'd the King,)
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite."
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd and sadly thus at length replies:
"Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(O gen'rous Prince!) my nation or my name,
Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own,
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jacosta's son and Thebes my native place."
To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast
*Touch'd with* concern for his unhappy guest)

Ev'n those who dwell where sun
In northern wilds, and freeze be
And those who tread the burning
The faithless syrtes, and the mov
Who view the western sea's ext
Or drink of Ganges in their east
All these the woes of Oepidus ha
Your Fates, your Furies and you
If on the sons the parents' crime
What prince from those his lines
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thir
With virtuous acts, thy ancestors
And be thyself the honour of thy
But see! the stars begin to steal
And shine more faintly at approa

Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring gods:
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of secret Fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres and impending woe;
When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mould'ring rock that trembles from on high.
Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine;
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;

Or Mithra, to whose beams the Persian
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vow
Mithra! whose head the blaze of light a
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar

# VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

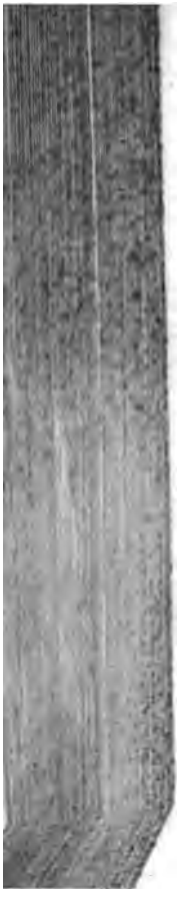
FROM THE

*FOURTEENTH BOOK*

OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent forms the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than Nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
*And feed their fibres with reviving dew.*



These cares alone her virgin breast
Averse from Venus and the nuptial je
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.
How oft' the Satyrs and the wanton F
Who haunt the forests or frequent the
The god whose ensign scares the bird
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing c
To pass the fences, and surprise the fi
Like these Vertumnus own'd his faith
Like these rejected by the scornful da
To gain her sight a thousand forms he
And first a reaper from the field appe
Sweating he walks, while loads of gold
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seemi
Oft' o'er his back a crooked sithe is la
And wreaths of hay his sunburnt temp
Oft' in his harden'd hand a goad he be
Like one who late unyok'd the sweatin
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects t
And the loose stragglers to their ranks
Now gath'ring what the bounteous yea
He pulls ripe apples from the bending
A soldier now, he with his sword appe
*A fisher next*, his trembling angle bear

Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs:
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The god in this decrepit form array'd
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
And, "Happy you!" he thus address'd the maid,
"Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow;)
Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread;
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
"Yet this tall elm, but for this vine," he said,
"Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous Maid! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.

Ev'n now, when silent scorn is [illegible]
A thousand court you, tho' they cour
A thousand sylvans, demi-gods, and
That haunt our mountains and our
But if you'll prosper, mark what I a
Whom age and long experience ren
And one whose tender care is far ab
All that these lovers ever felt of love
(Far more than e'er can by yourself
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the r
For his firm faith I dare engage m
Scarce to himself himself is better
To distant lands Vertumnus never
Like you, contented with his nativ
Nor at first sight, like most, admi

But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
To him your orchard's early fruits are due;
(A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you:)
He values these; but yet, alas! complains
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows
With that ripe red the autumnal sun bestows;
Nor tasteless herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
You, only you, can move the god's desire;
Oh! crown so constant and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!"
This when the various god had urg'd in vain,
He straight assum'd his native form again:
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,

# IMITATIONS.

## OF ENGLISH POETS.

[DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH

### I. CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,
Yet swinken nat sans secresie.
Thilke moral shall ye understond,
From schoole-boy's tale of fayre Irelond;
Which to the fennes hath him betake,
To filche the grey ducke fro the lake.
Right then there passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowses hath he hent,
Not to be spy'd of ladies gent.
" But ho! our nephew," crieth one;
" Ho!" qnoth another, " Cozen John;"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out—
This sely clerke full low doth lout:
Then asken that, and talken this,
" Lo, here is Coz, and here is Miss."

"Te-hee! cry d
Miss star'd, and grey ducke cr
"O moder, moder!" quoth th
"Be thilke same thing maids l
"Bette is to pine on coals and
"Then trust on mon whose ye

## II. SPENSER.

### THE ALLEY.

I.

In ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
A narrow pass there is, with houses low,
Where ever and anon the stream is ey'd,
And many a boat soft sliding to and fro:
There oft' are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall:
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sunburnt matrons seen
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;
Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

Join to the yelping [illegible]
The scolding quean to louder notes
And her full pipes those shrilling c
To her full pipes the grunting hog
The grunting hogs alarm the neigl
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds
are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of th
Dwelt Obloquy, who in early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sp
There learn'd she speech from
Slander beside her like a magpie
With Envy (spitting cat) dread f

She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all!
Nay, ev'n the parts of shame by name would call:
Yea, when she passed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch,
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meandring streams, and Windsor's tow'ry pride.

A heart resign'd the conques
Well might, alas! that threa
Which winds and lightning b
We were too bless'd with the
Which must be heav'nly whe
But killing charms your lover
Lest heav'nly music should b
Orpheus could charm the tre
Taught by your hand, can ch
A poet made the silent wood
This vocal wood had drawn

ON A FAN OF THE AUTHOR'S DESIGN, IN WHICH WAS PAINTED THE STORY OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS, WITH THE MOTTO "AURA VENI."

COME, gentle Air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade:
Come, gentle Air! the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray.
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove:
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris while her lover dies.

FAIN would my Muse the flo
And humble glories of the youth
Where op'ning roses breathing
And soft carnations show'r thei
Where lilies smile in virgin rob
The thin undress of superficial
And vary'd tulips show so dazz
Blushing in bright diversities of
Each painted flow'ret in the lak
Surveys its beauties, whence its
And pale Narcissus, on the ban
Transformed, gazes on himself
Here aged trees cathedral walk
And mount the hill in venerable
There the green infants in their

Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade;
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays.

Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes
The sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the ocean first did rise:
And thus thro' mists we see the sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning de
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one cloud soft show'rs we vi
And blasting lightnings burst away.
The stars that fall from Celia's eye
Declare our doom in drawing nigh.

The baby in that sunny sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd world t

## V. E. OF ROCHESTER.

### ON SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with eternity,
Thou wert ere Nature's self began to be;
'Twas one vast nothing all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway ere heav'n was form'd, or earth.
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd Creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy human-kind.

IV.

The tone mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy [illegible]ve foe.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost
Oppress'd with argumental tyr
And routed Reason finds a safe

VII.

With thee in private modest D
And in thy bosom lurks in Thou
Thou varnisher of fools, and ch

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both co
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the
And 'tis in thee at last that Wis

IX.

XI.

ɹeech ev'n there submissively withdraws
rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause;
pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

XII.

ervices of friends, good deeds of foes,
fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes,
e forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

ountry wit, religion of the town,
ourtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
ɛst by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

arson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
ı quibble, critic's jest, all end in thee;
ɜt in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

THO' Artemisia talks by fits
Of counsels, classics, fathers,
Reads Malbranche, Boyle,
Yet in some things methinks
'Twere well if she would pa
And wear a cleaner smoc

Haughty and huge as High-
Such nastiness and so much
Are oddly join'd by Fate:
On her large squab you find
Like a fat corpse upon a be

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
  Majestically stalk;
A stately worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
  All flutter, pride, and talk.

Like some free port of tra
Merchants unloaded here th
And agents from each foreig
Here first their entry mad

Her learning and good breed
Whether th' Italian or the D
Spaniards or French came
To all obliging she'd appear
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yau*
'Twas *S' il vous plait*, *Mo*

Obscure by birth, renown'd b
Still changing names, religion
At length she turns a bride

Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

PARSON, these things in thy posse
Are better than the bishop's blessin
A wife that makes conserves; a ste
That carries double when there's n
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe pig, and mortuary guinea,
Gazettes sent gratis down and fran
For which thy patron's weekly tha
A large concordance, bound long si
Sermons to Charles the First when
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band
The Polyglot—three parts—my te
Howbeit—likewise—now to my ne

Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,
Talk with churchwardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t. 24

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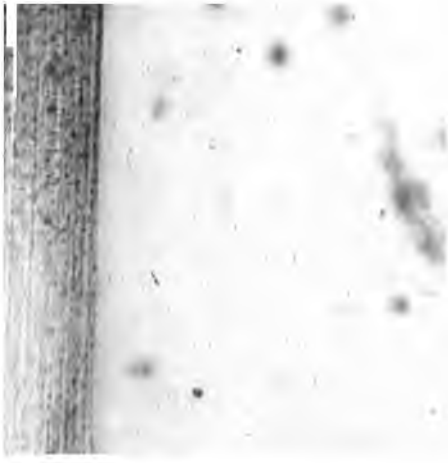
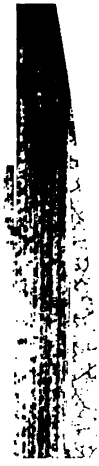
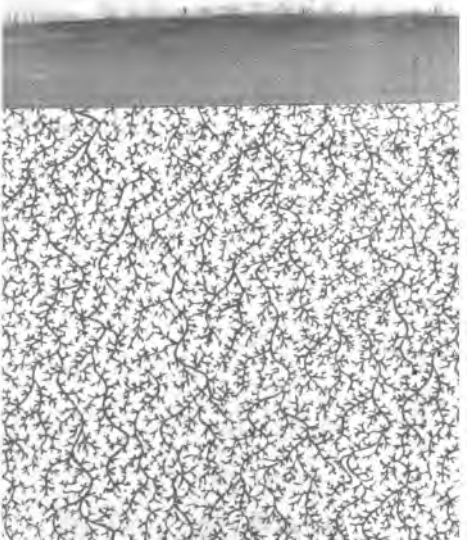
VII. Dr. Swift. The happy Life
Parson, - -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